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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 211
What Is the Matter With Our Theological Schools? 214

THE PULPIT—
The Eternally Womanly. I. Rizpah—Primal Motherhood.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES....215

POETRY—
The Onward Path.—*Sarah E. Burton*....211

CORRESPONDENCE—
An Answer to "Not Proven."—PERCY M. DAWSON, M. D....215

THE STUDY TABLE—
A Couple of Good Books.—E. P. POWELL....219

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*Minot J. Savage*....220
Mother-Hunger.—*Grace Duffield Goodwin*....220
How Birds and Animals Keep Themselves Clean. —*Boy's Life*....220
Manners or Courtesy?—*Youth's Companion*....220
Imagination in Children.—*Laura Spencer Porter*..220

THE FIELD—
The Author of "The Inside of the Cup."—*The Christian Commonwealth*....221
Wettest Block is Drying.—*The American Issue*..223
Practical Temperance....223

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1913. NUMBER 14.

THE ONWARD PATH.

I came into an unknown world,
Unbounded love received me,
Through all vicissitudes of time
It never hath deceived me.

Again unto an unknown world
My footsteps fast are tending,
I cannot doubt love will be there
My timid soul befriending.

So perfected are love and faith
The clouds around are breaking,
The path grows brighter every day;
On for that world awakening!

—*Sarah E. Burton.*

The Unitarian Advance.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, 11 Mason Street, Cambridge, Mass., secretary of the Boston "Bill Poster" movement against alcohol, referred to in these columns, writes: "We are having a great and particularly intelligent response to your article in UNITY on Alcohol Posters" (November 20). We hope other readers will be reminded by this note and send to Mrs. Tilton some more intelligent inquiries. Beer and whisky are most attractively advertised on the great billboards of our cities. A little money wisely spent could occupy an occasional neglected corner on the same billboards, asking some pointed questions and conveying some searching information concerning the depredations of "John Barleycorn."

Our issue for December 18, our holiday number, will be a Robert Collyer number. He was the great blacksmith preacher whose power was developed in Chicago. He tarried so long with us that most of those in Chicago who were touched by his power, at least those who had known the joy of co-operating with his kindling soul, had anticipated him in the great adventure into the unseen, so that his translation was inadequately commemorated by the great city which he helped to enoble and of which he was a great citizen. He was Chicago's *pastor magnificus,* too large to be claimed by one church or one denomination. Any appreciations, reminiscences, quotations or anecdotes, postal card length, will be very welcome. "Copy" should reach this office not later than December 13.

Every wheel on the Chicago & Alton Railway system was stopped for three minutes between 1:30 and 1:33 o'clock on the afternoon of a recent date in honor of the passenger traffic agent who died at an advanced age. The newspaper calls him the "Passenger Traffic Pioneer." Mr. Charlton combined in his personality a man of business sagacity and a man of books. He was a man who filled with conspicuous ability the office of general passenger agent of a great railway system, and revelled, at the same time, in the wealth of his library. One of the unique advertisements of his railway system was also one of the earliest appearances in this country of one of Browning's poems. It was published in its entirety in a "folder" of the Chicago & Alton Railway passenger service.

Mr. Lloyd-George, the most alive of all British citizens, as it seems to us, has recently declared that the menace of a revolution confronts Europe if some way cannot be found to check the insane rivalry along naval lines, and the warning of Lord Roseberry of four years ago is still pertinent:

> When I see this bursting out of navies everywhere, I begin to feel uneasy at the outcome of it all, to wonder whether it is ever going to stop, if it is merely going to take Europe back into a state of barbarism, or whether it will cause a catastrophe in which the working men of the world, at any rate, will say, "We will have no more of this madness and this foolery which is grinding us to powder."

No more alarming fact appears in the social psychology of today than that the advocates of peace themselves dare not trust their own logic. They preach the potency of love with heart and voice while with their hands they are gathering brickbats ready to shy at the friends who are made foes by their own faithlessness.

Is it too late for Zona Gale's beautiful story of "The Great Tree," in *Everybody's Magazine* for December, to affect the Christmasing activities? Perhaps it ought to have been published in September. Maybe a few people will save it and read it during the weary reaction of the after-Christmas days and realize how tasteless were the Sodom apples of selfish Christmas giving and receiving; how unprofitable was the excitement that litters the nursery rooms with broken toys, the junk of after-Christmas dissipation. Oh, how the hearts of thousands yearn with Calliope Marsh, in the story, for some way of Christmassing *with* and not *for* people. Cannot the caroling spirit be restored? Cannot the crisp outdoor air of Christmas be made rich again with the carolings of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Is it not time to revive the "Christmas waits" of our forefathers? Where is the church or Sunday School brave enough to try it?

The newspaper report of the White House wedding says that few of the gentlemen present were able to catch a glimpse of either the bride or groom, the President or his wife, because their courtesy allowed the ladies to occupy the first places. A gallant courtesy, but the ladies failed to reciprocate, for they wore their hats, and these effectively obscured the view. Is it true, as the widely traveled assert, that the American woman in the higher circles of society is grievously wanting in politeness; that she is the constant recipient of gracious courtesies on the part of the men, which she poorly reciprocates, accepting as her right that which at least deserves the courtesy of a recognition? Gallantry should not be a thing of the masculine gender wholly. Perhaps the language is deficient in a word that would give to gallantry a feminine ending, or better yet make it a word of the common gender, the absence of which is a flagrant deficiency in the English language. Cannot our word builders at the collegiate centers enrich the English grammar with a common gender? There are many social and ethical factors in life that are too large to be represented by the inadequate pronouns: he, she, or it. Be that as it may, manners are minor morals. There should be no sex in politeness.

The second Social Service Conference, which is being held on Wednesday and Thursday of this week in Boston, under the auspices of the Department of Social and Public Service of the American Unitarian Association, carries in its program titles that may provoke thought and breed sermons among ministers far away from Boston and outside of the Unitarian pale. It is not easy to gather together such a list of distinguished speakers as are here named: Charles Stelzle, consulting sociologist of New York City; Edward Cummings, successor of Edward Everett Hale; Daniel Evans, professor in Andover Theological Seminary; Peter Roberts, secretary of the International Immigration Committee of the Y. M. C. A.; Alexander Johnson, widely known as the secretary of the National Conference of Charity and Correction, and Frederick C. Howe of the People's Institute of New York City. In every city and hamlet throughout the United States the following topics ought to be given pulpit consideration: "A Call of the New Day to the Old Church," "The Church and the New American," "The Immigrant in Industry," "The Potential Social Power of the Churches," "Childhood's Bill of Rights," "Our Changing Ethics," "Social Business of Life," and "The Church and the City." UNITY will be glad to note the extension of this program anywhere. Send in the good news.

What can be more appealing than a blind man or child standing at a street corner waiting for someone with eyes that see to lead him across the crowded thoroughfare, to guide him safely through the human maze. As pathetic and more profoundly pleading to the sympathetic soul is the knowledge of the same person holding out sensitive fingers through which stream the light of the spirit asking for help to find food for the mind, consolation for the soul and nourishment for the conscience. A pathetic appeal has come to this office, from one who must needs see through her fingers, for an edition of "The Faith that Makes Faithful," for the use of the blind. This little book has been a welcome and, as many testify, a helpful companion to thousands of souls, with eyes, during the last twenty-seven years. Such a request has come to this office from time to time for many years. We could not longer remain stolid in the presence of such an appeal, and so we have sought for figures. The American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, Kentucky, offers to make one hundred copies of "The Faith That Makes Faithful," in New York point, the plates to belong to the publishing party, for $303; the same in the American braile for $495.50. Expensive, is it not? Yes, to one with eyes surfeited with print and minds stuffed with other peoples' thoughts, troubled with mental indigestion. But suppose you were blind for a week, a year, a lifetime! And there was given you one more book in the scant library of the blind, that you could read all by yourself, for yourself, and with yourself, —would it be very expensive? Does this word fall under the eyes of someone who would love to be eyes to the blind and a comfort to those who must needs sit in darkness? Perhaps someone who has found strength and consolation in "The Faith That Makes Faithful" would like to make it possible for those who must do their reading with their finger tips, and for whom available volumes are painfully scarce, in view of our many extravagances—shamefully few. Perhaps somebody will write to the editor of UNITY about this.

A thoughtful correspondent writes of his memories of the Parliament of Religions, concerning which he makes this pertinent comment:

> It was the most significant gathering, I should say, the sun and moon ever looked upon. Like all beginnings of great movements, it has been lost to sight more or less, but its sipirit goes marching on. Perhaps some day the discordant elements comprising the religious world will coalesce and grow as nearly harmonious as the circumstances require.

The signs are many that go to prove that human nature over-reached itself in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893. It was a nobler and bigger thing than most of those who entered into it were prepared to maintain. Many were scared by the in-

clusiveness that seemed to discount so many of the "fundamental" assumptions of the creeds and the denominational builders. The vision that presented itself to the eyes of the doctrinaires, the functionaries, bishops, secretaries and denominational editors seemed too entrancing to be true. The "leaders" of religion in San Francisco, as a prominent editor of a religious paper in that city assured the present writer, are not going to be caught by the illusion that lured the men of Chicago and caused them unwittingly to perpetrate a great injury to Christianity. Even the most liberal denominations are still qualifying their teachings of common brotherhood and unification of religious forces with the halting prayer of young St. Augustine, who prayed, as he tells us in his "Confessions," that the Lord might make him temperate and chaste, but not just yet. In Chicago and surrounding the "liberal ministers," so called, feeling the touch of elbows in '93 and in the years immediately following practiced the common fellowship, "came together" with periodic pleasure; they pledged themselves in a co-operative work to perpetuate the spirit of the Parliament of Religions in the Congress of Religion, which for a while demonstrated the higher inspiration; but they have again fallen apart, largely on account of the preoccupied exactions of "local claims" and "denominational interests," etc. But, as our correspondent asserts, the Parliament of Religion goes marching on, the Congress of Religion may be quiescent, but it is not dead. The cry of the noblest in the denominations, from Judaism to Catholicism, from Unitarianism to Presbyterianism, is for some kind of a *togetherness,* and this yearning discounts the plans and chills the enthusiasm of the churches that are trying to build along the narrower lines. The Parliament of Religion and the spirit it represented has made denominational successes less possible, on many lines.

What is the Matter With Our Theological Schools?

The General Conference of Unitarians and other Christian Churches, at its biennial session in 1911, appointed a commission instructed to report on theological education. At the recent meeting of the same body at Buffalo, New York, this same commission reported in a learned pamphlet of sixty-five pages. The main report was given, in thirteen pages, by the chairman, Professor Francis G. Peabody. This was followed by fifty-two pages of correspondence divided into two groups. Nine members of the commission reported, four of whom were professors in theological schools and universities, two were ministers and three laymen. A second group contained communications from the four heads of the theological schools generally claimed by the Unitarians, and to which they look for educated ministers. J. Estlin Carpenter, principal at Manchester College, Oxford, England, W. W. Fenn, dean of the Harvard Divinity School, F. C. Southworth, president of Meadville Theological School, and E. M. Wilbur, president of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry.

On this report Edwin D. Starbuck, himself a whilom college professor, now a member of the educational staff of the American Unitarian Association, contributes a lengthy comment in the *Christian Register* of November 20. It is a report full of ginger. The title of the article, "The Plight of Our Theological Seminaries," indicates the viewpoint of the writer. He tells us that the "patient is surely ill," and that now "almost spent in body he is over anxious about his mortality." He characterizes the report as "a gentle poultice, prescribed for a sore malady that will soothe the ailment." The main charge of Professor Starbuck is that the schools, however creditable in their work, allow the "strongest currents of religious life to flow around them instead of through them." Three of these currents are mentioned and analyzed in detail, namely: The social impulse that is vitalizing modern life, the movement in the direction of religious education, and the scientific interpretation of religion.

We will not undertake a further analysis of Professor Starbuck's criticism, which in addition to its appearing in the *Christian Register* of above date, was reprinted in the *Reform Advocate* (Chicago), November 29.

The academic dignity, the intelligent appreciation of the situation on the part of the writer of the report and the representatives of the theological schools that appear in the pamphlet, are beyond question; and still the fact remains that the theological schools are sick. They are the only professional schools which seek the confidence of the people that fail to show an increase in attendance, many of them fail even to hold their past record, and this in the face of the overwhelming advance of attendance and interest in all the other lines of specialized training. We fear that the more lamentable fact can be substantiated that a large proportion of the graduates of all theological schools enter upon their ministerial career poorly equipped, inefficient in methods, lacking in initiative and in the power to lead. Or, to state the same thing in another way, wanting in inspirational power.

The causes that lead to a weakened ministry, a distracted or distracting pulpit, a halting and confused church administration, are many and diverse. He must indeed be a wise or a rash man who ventures on an over-confident diagnosis of the case. We believe Professor Starbuck's three positions well taken. Perhaps they cover the ground, but we venture one or two additional suggestions. We believe that there

is too much time spent (1) on the old branches of biblical interpretation and criticism, and what in the old courses used to be called "ecclesiastical history," which in the very nature of the case is maimed history; (2) in the history and interpretation of doctrine; because, if for no other reason, the results of modern scholarship are now available in print and the student can, for a few dollars, acquaint himself with them from the scholars who teach at first hand what his professors, in the main, deal out to him at second hand. So much time is wasted in "taking notes" that are never consulted, that there is no time left for the synthesis that makes ethics and religion a vital part of the history and literature of the world. If the modern interpretation of the prophets, as the spokesmen of the Eternal, is true, there is no way of appreciating their power and measuring their height except by the comparative method. If that scripture is inspired that is inspiring, and the Lord of life never left any age or race without his witnesses, then there is a lot of holy scripture neglected in the theological schools, and many prophets are denied their pedagogical value in the study of morals and religion. And this, as we understand it, is the business of the theological school. Job is a lonely and forbidding theological textbook, but when it is placed among its fellows, and studied comparatively, alongside of Aeschylus' "Prometheus," Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet," it becomes alive, a classic of the spirit. This interpretation makes it an available and inspiring lesson,from the boys and girls of the Eighth Grade of the Grammar School up to the college graduated grandmothers and grandfathers.

Literature, as an expression of religion, has been too much neglected in our training of ministers. It is not true that these are sufficiently provided for in the academic studies that lead up to the theological school. When the colleges and the theological schools turn out graduates who are not only unmoved by, but are ignorant of, the religious inspiration of the poets,—of Wordsworth, Emerson, Browning, Whittier and their fellows,—there is no wonder that their interpretation of the prophets and the apostles of the Hebrew and Christian Bibles lack the quickening power.

History is another great fountain of religious inspiration, a storehouse for the preacher, too little interpreted except in technical and analytical ways in our theological schools. We know by experience that the story of human life as revealed in the religious record of mankind, can be made interesting and vital in church and Sunday School, and we know also from observation that few graduates of the theological schools, of any name or character, face their work with the pedagogical power to interpret literature, history and individual experience in terms of religion. Not until the great classics of literature, the story of the Mahabharata and other Old World masterpieces, of Dante's "Inferno," Goethe's "Faust," Browning's "Ring and the Book," and their companion masterpieces in modern literature, are used to enkindle the religious life of theological students, to inspire their minds with human and humane sympathies, the technical and linguistic elaborations of Christian and Jewish scripture,—which by implication are confined to a holy Bible,—will prove sterile; the ministerial interpretation of the same will lack the human element, which by common consent is too often missing in the callow graduates of theological schools.

We are not unmindful of what may be said on the other side,—the "want of time," "the theological schools cannot teach everything," "there is need of more exact knowledge of the Bible," etc. The reply is,—there is always time for the most important things. Fifty years ago there was need, perhaps, of detailed analysis in long series of lectures on the books of the Old and New Testament, from the standpoint of the higher criticism; but all that lore is now available, or at least a sufficient amount of it, to enable the inspired student to continue his studies, for a few dollars, in the standard "Introductions," Bible Dictionaries, etc. A love of flowers and an appreciation of the garden, whether God made or man made, is not awakened by the tearing of a few specimens apart and the counting of the petals and stamens, however important that may be. The flower must be studied as a whole, aye, in its place in the flower bed and in the meadow, before it becomes a text in the Book of Revelation.

Among other needs of theological schools, many of them beyond our comprehension or catalogue, we would insist on more study of literature as such; the placing of our Christian and Jewish Bibles among their fellows; the study of Christianity as one of the great religions of the world, a Christianity that is interpreted by its sister religions. It is caricatured and not characterized, when isolated and studied as a thing apart. "Comparative study of religion" is the academic phrase that brings a quickening element into a minister's preparation. It is an unfailing source of interest and inspiration in his pulpit ministry and Sunday School instruction. In trying to limit the theological schools to religious contentions, they are in danger of becoming non-religious. There is such a thing as studying the inspired writings in a way that makes them a bore rather than an inspiration; they are devitalized, and man's thought of God, so full of beauty and power when studied in the large, may be denatured so it becomes a poison and not a stimulus to nobler thinking and greater effort.

We fear that "The Plight of our Theological Seminaries" spoken of by Professor Starbuck is too profound to be remedied by any urban contact. If the cases in hand are closely studied we are not so sure that more electric lights, trolley cars, art institutes, public libraries, or even city slums and "settlements," would bring the remedy. Where the prophets are, there the voice of the Lord is heard, and where the love of man is generated, there the call to the ministry becomes audible. Moses' preparation seems to have necessitated an experience in the desert, and the Nazarene carpenter, according to the story, was driven into the wilderness to secure his higher preparation for the public ministry.

CORRESPONDENCE

"An Answer to Not Proven"

To the Editor of UNITY:—

In a recent article in UNITY entitled "Not Proven" (November 20, page 186), the Rev. F. A. Gilmore of Madison quotes from several authorities to show that Miss Robbins' story, "My Little Sister," is a misrepresentation of actual conditions.

It is always difficult, when one is meeting with only negative evidence, to know when to stop searching the literature. In the present instance the conclusion "Not Proven" is prematurely reached. Had Mr. Gilmore read some of the publications of Jane Addams, the admirable review and criticism of Miss Robbins' story which appeared in *The Survey* (May 3, 1913, Vol. xxx, page 199-202), the report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene on Commercialized Prostitution in New York City, and so forth, his conclusion would have been different.

It is often possible to find *authorities* whose ignorance is appalling. I recall the author of a guide book to the city where he resided who declared that sex hygiene possessed no interest for him since in his town prostitution was illegal and all cases were ably handled by the police (!)

But the authorities quoted by Mr. Gilmore may not have been of this class. Kidnapping, that is white slavery, properly so called, is probably infrequent. The report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene places it at a little over 2 per cent. So small a percentage might easily be overlooked. But 2 per cent of 60,000 (the estimated annual death rate among prostitutes) is 1,200 cases of kidnapping per annum in the United States. If we are conservative and allow for a considerable percentage of error in this estimate, the fact still remains that kidnapping to the extent of one one-hundredth of 1 per cent would abundantly justify the publication of "My Little Sister."

PERCY M. DAWSON, M. D.

Madison, Wis.

Articles of clothing from wood fiber are being made in Europe. The material for a suit costs about fifty cents. Clothing made of this material, however, can not be washed.

THE PULPIT

The Eternally Womanly

A Series of Six Sermons
Preached at
THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

No I.

Rizpah—Primal Motherhood

November 9, 1913.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

PRAYER.

Source of light, giver of love, Father of us all, help us this morning to forget the things that separate and divide. Help us to rest in the thought of that fellowship that reaches through all the realms of life. Help us thou infinite source of light, love and power to give to thee thanks for the mother spirit that giveth love and wisdom. We thank thee for the deep roots of the home, for the sweet consolations of the fireside,, for the mighty inspirations of parenthood. We bless Thee, Father, for the heritage of children. Through them dost thou reconcile a wayward world to thyself. We thank thee for the cradle revelations of the cradle. Make us better children, Father, better guardians of the little ones. Under thee may we become the fostering providence that shall give to this world better children and men and women, that thy peace and power may come into our lives and through us into our community by the power of the hearthstone. Father, redeem the wayward spirits, and reconcile the warlike nations one unto the other, and all unto Thee. Amen.

SERMON

Stolid indeed is that pulpit that does not feel the throbbing pulse of the life that eddies about it. The minister may well be suspected whose pulpit is hemmed around by conventionalities that do not permit the high and hot questions of the day to enter there. As I understand it, the mission of the pulpit is to interpret the questions of the hour in the light of eternity, and to lift the passing sensations into permanent usefulness. So I am going to undertake, in this course of six sermon studies, to discover woman's relation to the life of today. In order to discover her place in the State, and her part in the present civilization it is necessary to trace her growth out of primitive conditions to her recent acquirement in the State of Illinois which places upon her shoulders the solemn responsibilities of government. The most effective pedagogy is that which deals in concrete illustrations. I propose in this series of sermons to study the following typical women as types: Rizpah, the brave and grim story which I have just read to you, as a representative of primal motherhood; Boadicea, in whom you will discover, through the dark ambiguous phase of early British history, the Woman Militant; Hypatia, the confessed sage of her time, the woman philosopher of Alexandria; St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, the woman of piety; Joan of Arc, the woman inspired, and Susannah Wesley, who to my mind represents the modern woman in her many sided efficiencies and her wide interests.

Today let us see what we can find in that grim and gruesome story found in the half mythical Hebrew legend in the book of Samuel. It is an old folk tale, born out of the traditions which were earlier than the writing of the story, or the birth of the critical spirit. Rizpah was the poor second wife of an ignorant king whose chief credentials to royalty seemed to be found

in the fact that he was in stature head and shoulders above the crowd, a king selected for his physical preeminence. In the embroilments of primitive life, the enemies of Israel demanded an expiation for an assumed insult, and the seven sons of Saul, two of them sons of the humble bondwoman Rizpah, were hung to satisfy the clamor of the conquering enemies. Then this mother heart appears in the dim gloom of antiquity. Rizpah takes her stand upon the rocks and valiantly beats away the birds by daylight and the beasts of prey by night that seek to devour the bodies of her sons. Some of you may remember that powerful though awfully gruesome picture that came from France into the Columbian Exposition gallery. It was an immense canvas. Painted against an ominous and stormy sky were the seven bodies dangling in the air, and in the foreground the mighty figure of a woman, heroic in stature, fierce of face, beating back with her club the vultures that seek to prey upon the bodies of her children. According to the story, this vigilance continued from the early days of harvest until the autumn rains came. The story of this valiant mother standing guard over the dead bodies of her sons stirred the heart of King David, who, one remove nearer to civilization than Saul, gathered the bones of Saul and Jonathan and of the seven murdered sons and gave them respectable sepulchre in the tomb of their fathers. That is all there is of it. There she stands, Rizpah, a primitive woman, the concubine of a rude king guarding fiercely the remains of her sons, to see that the last indignities to their bodies are avoided. Take her then as a type of that primal motherhood, which of course is one of the fundamental functions of woman of every place and time.

So profound and fundamental is the function of motherhood that it is revealed way down on the lower branches of the biololgical tree long before the human family appears on the earth. Way down on the lower limbs of the tree of life is motherhood, militan in times of danger, tireless in times of exhaustion, marvelous in its resourcefulness. If you want to find the roots of motherhood and the sanctities connected therewith, you need to take a course in zoology. Study the bird's nest, follow the mother tigress to her lair, watch the wonderful sagacity and unfailing resources of mother fox in her den. Read of the maternal oversight and almost human tenderness of the elephant in the jungle. Acquaint yourself with the story travelers have told us of the old days when the buffalo roamed over our western prairies and the mothers of the herd were wont to corral their calves in a provisional crèche, mounting vigilant guard over their little ones, relieving one another so that a part could go off to find nourishment while their sisters protected the babies.

Domestication has degraded the barnyard fowl, the male has become polygamous, and the responsibilities of motherhood are forced upon the hen alone. But who of us that have grown up on the farm does not remember now, with a very different accent from what impressed us as children, the fatherly reinforcement of the goose on her nest, by the old gander's vigilance for the goslings, and his loyalty to his domestic obligations.

One of the most pathetic, touching and human incidents I find in that wonderful book of Enos Mills, "In Beaver World," tells how a mother, being caught in a hunter's trau, left four little orphan beavers, and the very next day another mother beaver moved her family of four little ones a quarter of a mile, took possession of the larger house and reared the orphans with her own—making a family of eight children. All these studies and incidents are back of Rizpah. The foundations upon which human motherhood rests reach way down to the lower levels of biology; they form the conditions of life itself.

The old books used to begin human society with the patriarchate. They based organized society upon the father or grandfather who had the most sturdy boys with which to defend the boundaries of the home land. But the new book tells us that back of the man on horseback, or the man with the pike, there was a matriarchate. Society began not on the battlefield but by the fireside. A book in my library has a frontispiece which is called "The Unit of Society." It portrays a naked primitive woman with a babe at her breast. There is where society began. The books tell us now that there was a mother-kin descent far back of a father-kin descent; that is, the line of descent was not through the male but through the female branches of life. The motherhood primal instinct of the beast, as well as of the savage woman, as manifested by Rizpah, was soon enlarged on the biological tree, and the father enters. Remember there was a motherhood in the world long before there was a fatherhood. On the lower levels of the animal world as also among the lower orders of the human, the male progenitor was a negligible quantity in the nurture of the child. Polygamous conditions, among either beasts or the human kind, justify Shakespeare's sneer: "It is a wise son that knows his own father." But early in life came monogomy; the union of male and female for life was reached by the creative power which produced life on earth long before man or woman breathed the terrestrial air. The books tell us that the birds, many of them, are monogomous for life. A bereaved eagle, male or female, remains widowed through the remainder of life. The same thing is suspected to be true in many other realms of animal life.

Mark that the function of motherhood soon became an element in fatherhood. The story that I have read to you reveals not only the primal tenderness of a mother but the barbaric rudeness of a father. Where was father Saul when these bodies were exposed to the depredations of wild beasts and the more ferocious vultures of the air? Where was father Saul throughout the entire story? Where was the father in primitive life? Aye, where is the father in the modern life about us? He makes the money! He pays the bills! Approach him with the perplexities of the nursery, or the responsibilities that gather around school and church, and his response is prompt: "Go and see the madam; my wife attends to such things; I pay the bills; she directs the religion and the education of our children." Very well! but realize, O father, that such a remark takes you out of the twentieth century, and makes of you a belated member of the barbaric society of which King Saul was a type. You are shirking your responsibility as the father of Rizpah's children shirked his responsibility. However, maternal attributes began to appear in the male progenitor long long before the time of Rizpah. There is a mother at the heart of every man, and the task of civilization is to work out the mother in the man.

You remember that grim story of Walter Scott's, how Meg Merrilies, the foster-mother of Harry, the Laird of Ellengowan, wandered up and down in search of the lost boy whom she had nourished at her breast, and when at last the light of day was fading from her eyes, all unconscious of the nature of the darkness, the mother heart in her cried out, "Stand out of the licht that I may aince mare look for little Harry." We have a companion piece to Walter Scott's Meg Merrilies in Dickens' humble Pegotty who wandered up and down the world in search of the "Little Emily" that had escaped from his fireside. So I tell you that the mother function is no longer limited to the feminine gender. It has already, long, long since, come into the realm of the human, man and woman. And there is something still better to say; the mother instincts have become organized into social instincts. The post-mortem function of Rizpah is now performed automatically by the State. No city or community is so degraded but what in its organized capacity it now takes respectful care of the lowest criminal—after he has been hung. The State is considerate at least of a dead body. But there is much more to be said. The State has also become the brooding mother of dependent children. It has become the nursing mother of the blind, the deaf and the feeble-minded. It has organized its nursery into the great magnificent public school system of the United States, with its ramifications of protective leagues and probation officers. The State is fast becoming maternal. The physical and obvious needs of the child are becoming more and more the providence of the State. The human, organized providence of the State is incorporate and co-operative motherhood.

Did you not see in the papers last week the picture of that little four-year-old tot who traveled unattended all the way from Vienna, was it? to San Francisco, carrying her little bag in one hand and her Teddy-bear in the other, and bearing on her breast the sign, "Please show me the way to San Francisco, where my mother is waiting for me, but please do not kiss me." In eighteen days, the child who was mothered by modern society, mothered by the humanities of civilization, was carried from the far off European city, over the deep waters, across the wide prairies and over the high mountains, safely into the waiting arms of the mother. The mother was able to send for her because, way out ther among the prune orchards of California, her heart was joined to the father heart of one who was willing to welcome the babe of another man, and sent the money to pay the passage for this little tot to come to her own. A mother by nature, —father and mother by grace! The grace of civilization, the higher grace of the state of organized society pieced out the love of father and mother and so the little one reached San Francisco. No man, woman or child, all the way from Vienna to San Francisco, but was ready to extend the mother hand and to gather the little tot to the mother heart of the twentieth century. How far and wide, as well as deep and high, reaches mother love.

But we are not through yet with the study of motherhood. To confine motherhood to the physical protection as well as the physical needs of the child is for the woman to stay on the brute level. The old legend which we read in the book of Samuel tells the story of Rizpah, whose barbaric spirit rose to the protection of the bodies that were created out of her own. But Tennyson, the poet laureate of the nineteenth century, finds another Rizpah and writes her story in terms of modern life and nineteenth century civilization. He bases his story upon a more sure footing than did the writer of the twenty-first chapter of Samuel. He gives you the chapter and verse where you may find the record. His "Rizpah" is an English woman whose son fell among evil companions, and perhaps was more sinned against than sinning, but the State hung him, and the desolate mother heart hears a

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out to me!"

And the poor distressed soul ventures forth into the darkness of the night to meet the voice which she hears, but misses the body which she never sees again. But her concern is not for the body of her son that hung from the gibbet, but for his soul. She says:

Heard, have you? What? They have told you he never repented his sin?
How do they know it? Are they his mother? Are *you* of his kin?
Heard! Have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

Election, Election, and Reprobation—it's all very well,
But I go tonight to my boy, and I shall not find him in hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has looked into my care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all you desire—
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Goodnight. I am going. He calls.

Who is mother now? Not one who stands guard against the vultures over the dead bodies, but one who stands guard over the soul; one who determines to fight the devil, aye, the angels, too, rather than abandon her boy to any hell or eternal woe from which she would escape. O how motherhood has grown in these days!

But profound and sacred and fundamental as are the functions of motherhood, there is a realm below mother and above mother, where life is the common quality of male and female Says Von Humboldt:

> There is something in the traits of the Divine which is opposed to the full and clear expression of sexual attributes. . . . . The cultivated ethical and esthetic emotions protest against classifying the gods as of either the one or the other gender. Never can the ideals of beauty, either physical or moral, be reached until the characteristics of sex are lost in the concept of the purely human.

The earliest gods were male and female. The divinities in the Greek and Roman Pantheons were male and female. Brinton, in his study of the primitive

religions of the original inhabitants of the western continent, says: "The name of the highest goddess in Mexican mythology meant: 'She who brings forth mind.'" She was the "mother of wisdom." Theodore Parker was wont to pray to his "Father and Mother God." Jesus spoke of heaven as a place where men and women are not given in marriage but are as the angesl. All this indicates that the distinctions between male and female are but surface scratches on the great human globe. The fundamental depths in our natures are below the distinctions of sex. There are sublime heights to which the soul climbs above all such distinctions.

Olive Schreiner, in her book, "Woman and Labor," has a most illuminating chapter on the distinctions of sex. She says that there is no difference between the eye of the man and the woman, and that on the dissecting table the most astute surgeon is unable to distinguish between female and male tissues. All the great functions of the body, aside from the functions of sex, run together and represent the common conditions of human life. Our English language is permanently and sadly limited in its potency by the omission of a common gender, which so many other languages have? We have nouns and terminations representing the masculine, feminine and neuter genders, but need a common gender in order to represent a vast territory of life. Psychologically, ethically and spiritually our language is inadequate to represent the largest territory in human nature, which is not male or female but human. There is a new word we are threatened with, a word which I protest against, and that word is "feminist." We hear talk about a "feminist movement," the "dawn of the feminine era." Heaven save us from more femininity in the social and political world, as I have prayed for many years, "heaven save us from more masculinity." We have had too much man and too little woman in our philosophy, our charity and our politics; but let us not make the other mistake of perpetrating upon civilization too much femininity. No, sister, you are not emancipated from the tyranny of sex in your subconsciousness, you have not got down below womanhood. No, my brother, you have not purified your heart if you cannot forget the gender of your women friends, colleagues, companions and fellow citizens. I yield to no man in my reverence for womanhood. Words absolutely fail me in trying to impress upon you how the profound quality of motherhood moves me, reaching as it does all the way from the foster mother in the beaver colony up to that mother soul in Tennyson's poem which agonized over the future well-being of the son hung for misdemeanors against the government. But we will never lift the State to its fullest power until we eliminate the sense of sex in realms where it does not obtain. We cannot divide the home responsibility in regard to the children. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Aye, verily, but that hand is no longer necessarily and exclusively a woman's hand. A father's touch often soothes the feverish child to sleep, and man has at least sometimes reached the development of the male dove which takes its turn on the nest, and joins with the mother in the process of feeding the little ones.

In the chapter of Olive Schreiner's book to which I alluded, she tells of a dainty, fluffy little African bird, the kapok, which builds a neat little nest, lined with a down to be found only on a certain plant; but right alongside of the cozy dear little nest for the needs of the mother, is constructed, of the same material, by the joint effort of father and mother, a cozy little shelf on which may rest the father bird.

Some of you may remember that years ago, over in the old buildinf, we were companioned with a happy pair or bantums. They spent the summer with us at Tower Hill, and became so dear to us that we brought them home and domesticated them in the basement. We called them Pietro and Violante,—for we had Browning's "Ring and the Book" on the brain then. This happy little pair in feathers were so proud and vigilant of their little family of eight downy little mites. Being allowed to live by themselves they escaped the barbarities of domesticity. Pietro took fatherly pride in the basement nest, and at times he hovered the eggs while Madam Violante took the air. He always slept beside her, and when they lived happily in the backyard he was the vigilant guardian, announcing the coming of wanton children or murderous dogs. Alas, in the neighborhood there was a murdous cat we called "Guido," after the inhuman monster in Browning's poem, and in spite of all our vigilance this murderer would pick off the little chicks one after another. One day I was disturbed in my study by a tremendous protest from my feathered companions outside. I rushed out in time to see little Violante, the weak, timid little mother chicken, rising as she never rose before or after upon the strength of wing she had never tested before, until she lifted herself clear over the high board fence and into the alley, where she followed, screaming, the cruel Guido, who had captured one more of her little ones. It was a marvelous demonstration of the inspiration of motherhood. Poor Pietro did his best, but in the last test he was not moved by parental frenzy to fly over the high fence, though he felt badly enough about it.

Now we are forced to admit, by the grim facts of life, that as yet the parental instinct is more profound in woman than in man, and in moments of great emergency the mother heart will lift the soul to higher levels perhaps than fatherhood; it will always be so, possibly. Still the profound truth remains,—motherhood is not the exclusive prerogative of the feminine gender, and heavier and heavier demands are being laid upon the fathers of society. If I understand the trend of civilization at all, it is to transform the function of the social state from the military leadership of the man on horseback, from the unsanctified power of the man with the pike, into the more persuasive power of Rizpah guarding her children, the modern Rizpah, who realizes that somehow her child is menaced by the forces of mind and the environment of spirit, more than by dangers to the body.

Here is where you mothers can test yourselves. Ask yourselves, you modern Rizpahs, in the solemn hours of night, where lie your greatest anxieties for your children, to which dangers do you give the greater prominence,—those that beset their bodies or those that beset the souls, which animate and make beautiful those bodies? Are you as afraid of the calamitous influences of the saloon and the brothel as you are of the dangers of scarlet fever, smallpox and other contagious maladies of the flesh? Are you more afraid of tuberculosis than you are of a hardened conscience, a stolid heart, a vicious will? Are you more afraid of

the calamities, the dangers, which beset you in this city of automobiles and street cars, than you are of the corrupting standards that are found in the dry goods emporiums of the city? The devastation of ideals for your girls represented in the millinery store and the workshop of the modiste and in the debilitations of the smoking and gaming room for your boys?

I am not emphasizing feminine weakness, for unfortunately there is a masculine list that parallels the longest list of feminine follies. With that list I am more acquainted from personal experience. No, I speak of the shortage which is neither masculine nor feminene, but is in the common gender.

Not until we can eliminate the vulgar display, the absurd decorations of women, and the bottled goods and cigar case, the profane language and coarse jest that characterize too many men, can the disturbing lines of sex be eliminated.

No, let us hear no more about "feminist movements" and still less about "masculine pre-eminence." Let us hasten the day when we will have fewer "women's clubs" and fewer "men's clubs" and more "men *and* women's clubs," enlisting both together in the interest of the child, which is the interest of coming generations.

Jean Val Jean, the bachelor uncle, broke the window and stole the loaf that the little starving nephews and nieces might have bread. The sequel has been told profoundly by Victor Hugo, but the story is not properly understood unless we discover in the narrative the mother speaking through the father heart of that great creation. Behind and above all the solicitations for the body,—the bread that feeds and the clothing that protects,—lies the cry of the Rizpah that is to come, for the spiritual safety of her offspring. She will spend vigilant nights and sun parched days guarding the souls of her children, protecting their minds from defamation, cherishing the home with the aid of father-mother, until it becomes the adequate vestibule to that Kingdom of Heaven, where in is sung the chant of the Chorus Mysticus which Goethe has given us, and which I have placed at the head of the printed list of these sermon topics:

> All things transitory
> But as symbols are sent;
> Earth's insufficiency
> Here grows to event;
> The indescribable,
> Here it is done:
> The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on!

According to the highest interpretations of Goethe and the more sure interpretations of psychology and religion, this does not mean the feminine gender, but the home instinct, the love passion, the heart power of life which outreaches the farthest boundaries of humanity, striking down to the lowest realms of organic life and reaching up and onward into the realms of eternity beyond the ken of mortals where a Chorus Mysticus, too divine even for Goethe to interpret, welcomes the father-mother soul, and greets the children though whom God renews the life of the world and moves the on rolling tides of evolution towards a spirituality, that is pure and gentle. She who gives a body to the world enacts the divine mystery, pays the supreme tax; but she does poorly who does not in after-birth throes see that the body is animated with a spirit growing ever more tender, a heart ever more loving, a will ever more dominant.

Father-mother of us all, nurture us into the kindness and the love that will make us, under thee, the guiding providence of generations to come. Amen.

STUDY TABLE

A Couple of Good Books

I have never said very much in praise of Jack London, although on the whole his work has been of positive value. "The Valley of the Moon," from *Macmillan Company,* has been on my table long enough for me to read, and while it is in the peculiar frank style of Mr. London, I do not think that he has said anything which will do harm. On the whole, this book ought to be of great value to that class of readers that needs instruction on social life and clean private life. There is a very large part of our population that cannot take instruction on sexual matters through the churches or the schools. I rather think that one or two chapters here between Billy, the prize fighter, and Saxon, the girl of heredity, will do a wonderful work in this class of offhand livers. The two characters are very fine, and not even Dickens has made anything like as good work in handling the crowd. Mr. London has picked out a style of character that will average remarkable results when pictured as he pictures them. On the whole, if you are not squeamish, not to say bigoted, try this book.

Next I have on the table "The Monroe Doctrine," discussed by Hiram Bingham and published by the *Yale University Press* of New Haven, Conn. Dr. Bingham undertakes to show that it is time for us to consider the Monroe Doctrine as obsolete. He considers it as a bone of contention and a cause of hatred between the United States and the smaller Republics of the American continents. He considers it a costly affair if we undertake to sustain it, and at present sure to be a source of misconstruction of our American spirit and motives. I believe the Doctor is right. The Doctrine was originated in the time of the Triple Alliance, when the intent of absolutism in Europe was about to restore Spanish authority in America. Canning suggested it, and told Monroe, through our Minister Reed, that if he would proclaim such a doctrine England would stand by it. Everything that could be accomplished by the proclamation or doctrine was done before the civil war. It is now in the way of harmony between Brazil, Chili, Argentina and the United States; that is in the way of securing civil progress, as well as commercial, throughout the land. It is not worth the hop-O'your-thumb in our present contention with Mexico. What we want is not a Monroe Doctrine but a Bryan Doctrine, enforced by President Wilson.

I have not mentioned *Literary Digest* lately, but it is one of those discoveries in literature, of which all we need to say is, that it is just as good as ever. It is not a mere purveyor of news, but an instructor as to how to use the news that we get. It is unique also in its capacity for editing whatever it handles. It is a magazine that cannot be dispensed with.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

SUN.—**Learn to love the unlovely. Love the possibilities of high and fine things in people.**
MON.—**Did any of you ever sacrifice anything consciously, purposely for the truth?**
TUES.—**We have power to set people free by telling them we believe in them, by giving them hope once more.**
WED.—**We do not approach God by traveling through space; we approach Him by becoming like Him.**
THURS.—**The world is no longer secular for six days, and sacred the seventh.**
FRI.—**Truth dominates the mind of a man who has once gained a vision of it.**
SAT.—**What is it to repent? It means change of purpose.**
—*Minot J. Savage.*

MOTHER-HUNGER.

If I could only find her, for the mother-hunger's on me;
I want to see and touch her, to know her close beside;
I want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder,
I want to feel her love me as she did before she died!

In all the world is nothing, love of husband or of children,
In all the world is nothing that can soothe me or can stir,
Like the memory of her fragile hand from which the ring was slipping—
The hand that wakes my longing at the very thought of her.

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it,
The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place—
O mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence
To let me know your presence, tho' I cannot see your face?

Thank God that I have had you; that we held each other closer,
As women and as sisters and as souls that claimed their own,
Than any tie of blood could bind! and now my heart is bleeding,
My heart is bleeding, mother, and yours is turned to stone.

O, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—
I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain;
This hour will pass; but O, just now, the mother-hunger's on me—
And I would give my soul to-night to kiss your hair again!

The Advance. —*Grace Duffield Goodwin.*

How Birds and Animals Keep Themselves Clean

Have you ever thought, "Oh, I wish I could get up the way animals do, and be all ready for the day without washing?"

Hold on! They don't. They wash their feet and comb their hair in a manner which is described interestingly in the *Volta Review* by Enfield Joiner.

Birds are perhaps the neatest of the animal world, he writes. A great many birds must have a bath a day. Some birds use water and some use dirt and some use both water and dirt. The bathers in water are very particular about the kind of water they have. Swallows and martins do not bathe every day because the only water they use is fresh rainwater. Tame ducks, too, seem very fond of the rainwater. Wild ducks which live by the salt sea will fly long distances over the land to get fresh water for their bath.

Larks and sparrows choose fine gritty dust. They splash and flutter in it as other birds do in the water, and after they have finished they carefully dress their rumpled plumage with their bills. Partridges clean themselves in loam. They scratch out the dirt and shuffle backwards in it until their feathers are full of it. Then they shake themselves and when fully dressed are clean and fresh. The barnyard hen bathes herself in much the same way, by wallowing and shaking herself in the dust.

Animals of the cat tribe spend more time than any others at their toilets. In the jungle, lions and tigers use their forefeet, which they wet, for bath-sponges, and their tongues for combs, just as small kittens do. Rabbits and oppossums also wash their faces with their feet. Dogs are especially particular in keeping their feet clean.

* * *

Watch the animals when you are out in the country. They can teach you a lot of things.

* * *

You may not have paid any attention as to how to get across a creek or river in case of a flood. Sheep will make for the best place in spite of blinding winds or rain.

* * *

Did you ever notice that cattle will stand on a path at night? They don't do it to be in your way, but because they know that at night it is several degrees colder on the grass than on the hard ground. Nor will you ever find them at night in hollows, because they know that as a rule it is much colder there than on higher ground.—*Boy's Life.*

Manners or Courtesy?

Early in the fall the head coach of a great university football eleven emphatically told his squad that he had no room in it for "excuse me" players. The remark has provoked much comment. Some critics have condemned the spirit of it; but, after all, is not the coach right?

Football is a rough game, at best, but it is subject to definite, well-understood rules. If a player keeps within those rules, there is no reason why he should beg the pardon of an opponent whom he tackles hard, or bumps over, or jostles in the rush and hurry of the game. If a player does not keep within the rules, he has no business on the field, for he does not belong with gentlemen. Making excuses neither justifies foul play nor compensates the victim of it.

It is the same in life as in football. The "Beg pardon!" and the "Excuse me!" are too often merely of the lip, without sincerity, and so are cheap and meaningless. When a person elbows you out of the line at a ticket window or crowds ahead of you into a car seat, with a muttered "Excuse me!" he adds insult to injury.

A veneer of manners is a poor substitute for genuine courtesy.—*Youth's Companion.*

Imagination in Children

"A child grasps everything first by way of his imagination. I think a boy might meet, for instance, Abraham Lincoln himself, and not be much more impressed than with any other grave and kind acquaintance; but introduce Lincoln first to his fancy; tell him just a little of Lincoln's life and what it stands for, and nearly any boy, I will wager, would walk a mile to see some house the man lived in, or an old coat so great a man once wore." —*Laura Spencer Porter.*

Woman's Home Companion.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"

[NOTE:—In view of the general interest in Mr. Winston Churchill's recent novel, "The Inside of the Cup," the following personal sketch and interview quoted from our English contemporary, *The Christian Commonwealth,* may be welcomed by our readers.—W.]

Mr. Churchill is still comparatively a young man. He was born at St. Louis, in the United States, forty-two years ago—on November 10, 1871. Educated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he chose literature for a profession, and was for some time editor of the "Army and Navy Journal." Later he became managing editor of the "Cosmopolitan." Unlike many other journalists, however, his means allowed him to practice a more leisurely form of literature, and he soon made his appearance with his first novel, "The Celebrity," which was exceedingly well received in America. It was, however, only a beginning, and bore little relation to his subsequent books. These have the quality of a far-reaching design, and cover a great part of the history and development of the United States. In "Richard Carvel" he gives a striking picture of life in Maryland before the Civil War. "The Crisis" dealt with the actual period of that decisive struggle, and "The Crossing" pictures the westward development of the United States. In "Coniston" he dealt with a typical development of political life immediately after the Civil War.

While living in St. Louis Mr. Churchill adopted a most business-like habit of life. Every day he went down to an office he had rented in the city and worked soberly and industriously as though his living depended upon his writing. He travels a good deal, and most of his books have been written out of a close and intimate acquaintance with the scenes and periods they depict. He is a near friend of President Wilson, who occupied Mr. Churchill's house at Cornish in New Hampshire during this summer. From 1906 onwards Mr. Churchill took a leading part in the political life of New Hampshire, and practically forced upon the Republican convention his program for various reforms. He was the founder of the "Lincoln Republican" movement, which was organized to fight the battle for Clean Government against the corrupt domination of the railway corporations over the courts and legislature of that State.

* * *

In reply to a question whether in writing the "Inside of the Cup" he had had any consultations with religious leaders, or had made an independent study of actual religious conditions, Mr. Churchill said he had talked with clergymen of many denominations and all theological views, and had made what study of Church conditions he could. "The problem faced by the minister in 'The Inside of the Cup' is partly theological, partly economic—the question of how the Church is to be supported when the subscriptions of wealthy men, antagonized by his message, are withdrawn. My object in writing the novel was to set forth the conditions of the problem, to call the attention of readers to it as sharply as possible, and to define it. Any attempt to solve the economic problem would have been, I think, inartistic and in the nature of a prophecy."

"Do you think there is any genuine religious enthusiasm among the masses of the disinherited to enable them to bear the burden of financing the Church which ranges itself on their side?"

"I believe that the religion of Christ, if properly put before the people by a Church which is independent economically, by a clergyman who possesses personality—by that I mean one who is himself infused with that religion—cannot fail to rouse their enthusiasm. And I believe they will respond to it and subscribe to it from their purses. If I did not think so I should despair of a future for the Church. This problem of the support of the Church is one of the most vital which it has to face. We have an analogous problem in America today in regard to the popular support by subscription of our political parties. My observation leads me to believe that when men and women become incandescent through a cause they believe in they are willing to make sacrifices for it financial and otherwise. I do not believe that religion has lost its power. During the last few years I have known many men and women who have become Christians by having Christianity presented to them in terms of modern thought, science, and philosophy. The letters I have received about 'The Inside of the Cup' bear a similar testimony."

This last remark will be easily understood by those who have read that remarkable book. It discusses both the economical and the theological problem with such frankness and breadth that its effect is probably as great as "Robert Elsmere" had on the last generation of religious people. Readers of *The Christian Commonwealth* will remember the series of articles in which Mr. Churchill's book was discussed in the light of the persons who figure in its pages. I asked what response the book had elicited from readers.

"I have on the average," Mr. Churchill replied, "five letters a day from clergymen of different denominations. Most of them have preached sermons on the book, or have made it the subject of a series of talks. By far the larger part of these letters approve of the book, and many of the ministers report personal experiences with men of the type of Eldon Parr and his vestry, who have attempted to dominate their churches by the power of wealth. Some, of course, disagree with the theology, especially the High Church episcopal clergy."

"Does the book represent your own religious views? Am I right, for instance, in concluding that you would discourage any breaking away from the established machinery of religion and would prefer to see clergymen inspired with modern views remaining in the churches?"

"That conclusion is quite right. I believe in the Church, and I think that ministers are justified in translating the religion of Christ into terms of modern science and philosophy. I believe in the Church also as an organization, both on philosophical grounds and for practical reasons. The book does actually represent my own attempt to find a religious solution. I wrote of what I had found, though I trust it is by no means final. I was led to seek a solution by an experience of the anomalies of our modern civilization—a process which, as I said in the book, is a common one today."

Of the attitude of the organized Labor movement towards the churches Mr. Churchill speaks with discrimination and insight. The greatest of our religious and social problems, he thinks, lies in the christianizing of organized labor. In economics he is open-minded. The Progressive platform, he holds, is in harmony with the best modern economic theories as taught in the universities. "In 'The Inside of the Cup' I spoke of the eventual abolition of private property because, as it seems to me, all evolutionary signs point that way. I do not pretend to say how far this will be carried, nor do I pretend to say how near we are to such a result. I believe, however, that the religious problem, which will include an entirely new system of education, is more important than the economic problem, and this, I think, is where the Church's great opportunity lies. The new democracy must have a majority of the right kind of citizens, or the economic part of the scheme will not work."

As a final indication of Mr. Churchill's attitude on these matters, I will record

one further remark. "I believe in evolution rather than revolution, although I set no limit to the rapidity with which evolution may work. I believe that education will accomplish wonders in the next generation."

THE "GOOD NEWS" OF JESUS

In one sense the Christian doctrine of atonement in its various forms is a legacy of Judaism. Origen's doctrine of Christ's death as a ransom paid to the devil for the souls of men, Anselm's that only a sinless God-man could blot out the offences of humanity, Grotius' that an exhibition of the divine penal code demanded Christ's death for the world's sin—all presuppose that the most difficult work of Almighty God is to forgive sin, without some suitable offering. The good news of Jesus consisted most of all in his revelation of a sin-forgiving God. "Here its preaching touches its climax. In the loveliest of his parables, which have gone down the ages in undying freshness, exerting their unbroken influence on the souls of a battling humanity, Jesus celebrated this sin-forgiving God, now as a father who receives his lost son with strong, unwavering love and even with rejoicing, and now as the Almighty God, in whose eyes the one sinner who repents is worth more than the ninety and nine righteous who need no repentance. And the Divine Parent has transmitted to his children this noblest of privileges. The conditions of forgiveness are faith, repentance, compassion, everything which betrays a quickened conscience.

The Inquirer.

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope 'till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory."

—*Prometheus Unbound.*

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WETTEST BLOCK IS DRYING.

In Kansas City, Mo., the "wettest block" is going dry. Not because of a diminishing supply, but because of a lack of patronage. Since the saloons were closed on the Kansas side the 1,700 block on West Ninth street has had the reputation of being the "wettest block." But the old order of things is changed now. When the famous block was at its zenith, it boasted twenty-five saloons built on twenty-eight 25-foot lots. The number has dwindled now to thirteen. A year ago the increased cost of beer forced a reduction in the size of the "schooners." Since then a gradual change has taken place. Even the class of patronage has changed to a certain extent. Very few saloons now keep a private policeman. Many of them now close at midnight instead of 1 o'clock—the regular hour of closing. The length of bars has been shortened, and the number of bartenders decreased. There are even a few shooting galleries, a clothing store and a grocery store in the "wettest block."

"I do not know whether the people are drinking less or less people are drinking," one of the saloonkeepers said. "The men who come here do not seem to drink as much as they did formerly, and fewer drinkers come here than several years ago. Trade is very poor."

Another saloonkeeper on West Ninth street believes the high cost of living has something to do with the decline of the wet block.

"Regular customers of mine that used to buy four or five glasses of beer before they went home at night, now buy only one or two, and often don't come in at all," he said. "After 8 or 9 o'clock at night business is very dull. Less than a year ago the saloons were nearly always full of people. There seems to be plenty of work; the men seem to have money, but they are not spending it in the saloons.

"Then the different class of men employed in the packing houses and as laborers has something to do with the decreased consumption of beer. The ordinary American laboring man seldom cares where his money goes, just so he has a good time. But now foreign labor is taking the place of the American, and the foreigners are savers. These men are the ones who are buying homes or saving their money to bring their families to this country.

"The restrictions placed on the railroad men also help to decrease business. Very few of them drink as much as they formerly did, and many of them do not drink at all."—*The American Issue.*

A BREWER'S IDEA OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

A New York brewer said: "The church people can drive us when they try, and we know it. Our hope is in working after they grow tired, and continuing to work three hundred and sixty-five days in the year." On this same point Dr. Pankhurst pertinently says: "Oh, what a world this would be if the perseverance of the saints were made of as enduring stuff as the perseverance of the sinners!"—*Selected.*

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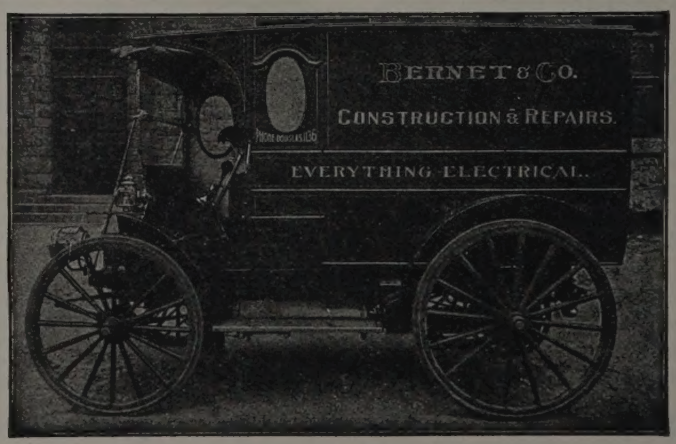

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